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WINNING TEAM IS PROMISED RICHMOND

Lipe, Coming on Wells's
Recommendation, May
Be Here To-Day.

LEAGUE MANAGERS HASTENING WORK

Prospects Are for Best Season in
History of League—Improvements
in Local Park for
Both the Players and
Spectators Being
Made.

BY MAC.

With the coming of Manager Lipe to-night or to-morrow night, unfed interest in baseballdom will be nourished again, and sleepy fans will awaken to the fact that the noise of the batted ball, the strident voice of the cheering umpire, and the shrill screams of the fan will soon be heard once more through the land.

Richmond is to have the best team in her history, says the prophet, and the prophet speaks well, as one who sees the handwriting on the wall and observes things still far off and unknown by those whose sight is bounded by the limits of a day. Lipe comes here on the recommendation of Jake Wells, who, having been one of first water himself, knows a good ball-player when he sees him. Lipe has had plenty of experience in the Sally League, though this will be the first time he will have held the reins of government. He has already signed most of his men, and contracts of the others will soon be ready.

Sweeney, Cowan and Boyd will be those who will try for the backstop-ping job. Pitchers will be selected from "Dutch" Revelle, Sam Smith, Hubert McLeod, Mike Cassidy, Rube Howard and Long, who may all stay. Though Howard was so completely out of the running last year on account of his bad arm, it is hoped that he will be able to limber up this season, and that he will show his old-time form and all his formerly effective twists and spirals. The work of the others is known. Cassidy is especially effective as an early-season player. His good form displayed at the beginning of last season is well remembered, and he will be expected to do the honors the same way this spring.

Improving Park.

In order to have everything ready for the opening, work in improving the baseball park has already begun, and is well under way. The diamond will be newly leveled and rolled. Additions will be made to the grandstand, and the bleachers will be built in more comfortable style. For the comfort of the players, their quarters in the park will be fitted up with baths and lockers. Little more could be asked. Even the newspaper men will be well provided for. For them a snug little den will be erected, having wire screens to protect them from the heat of the sun and the low balls, and any other kind of ball that may happen to come along, and a roof to shelter them from the rays of the sun or the condensation of skies.

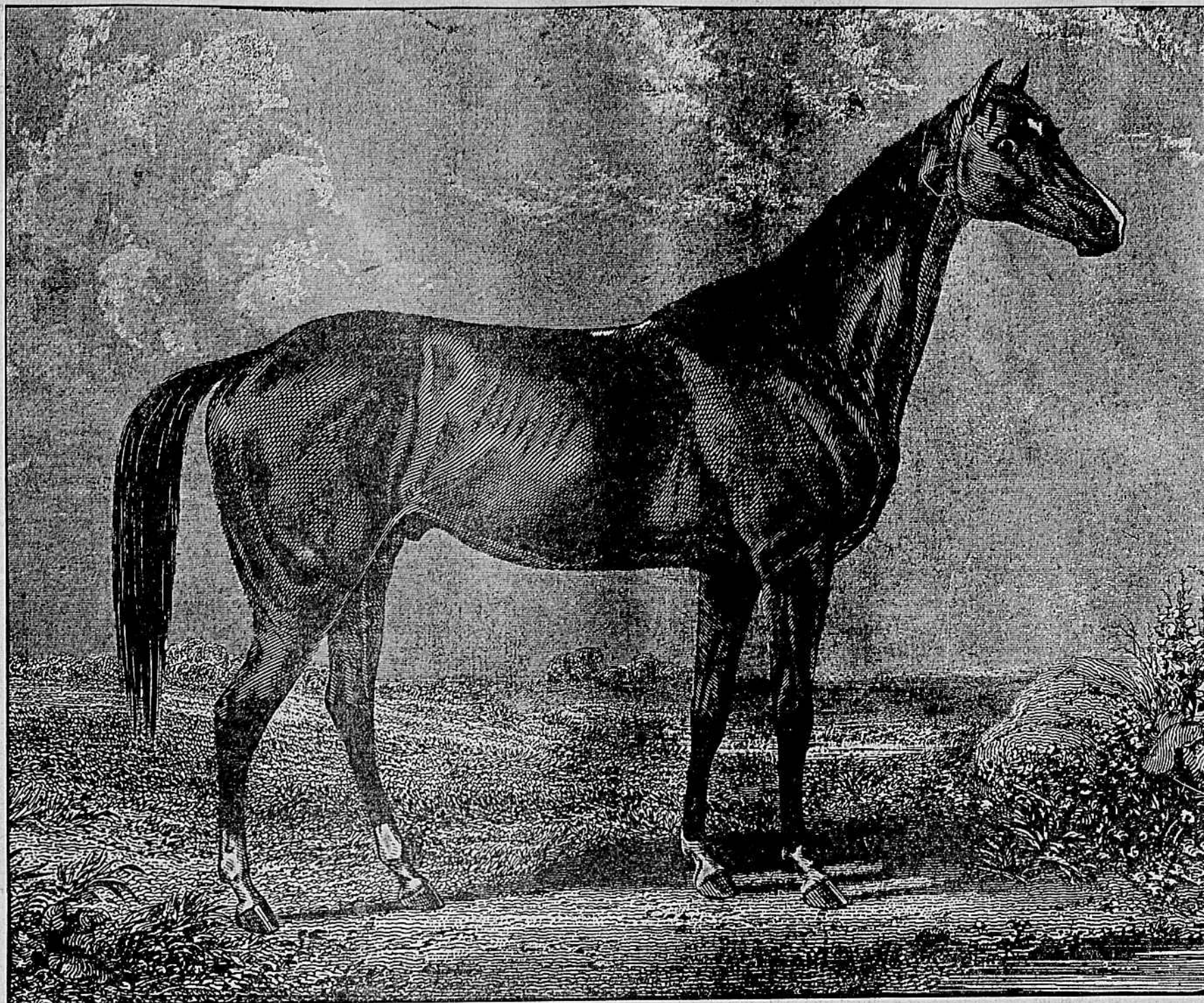
No one likes the pencil-shaver, because he must call a spade a spade, say of a good player that he is good, of a bad one that he is bad, call a hit a hit, an error an error, and nothing else, and say other things that people sometimes like and more often don't. Yet he takes pleasure in a good game, and likes to hear the fans applaud, loves to see a victory won and sorrows to witness a defeat.

But hence with meditation over the life reportorial. Who cares what the scribbler thinks, or hopes or prays for? Let him write the joys and sorrows of others and think not upon his own.

Coming back from this unexpected flight into realms uninteresting to the

(Continued on Third Page.)

SON OF BOSTON AND ALICE CARNEAL



LEXINGTON.

LEXINGTON AND LECONTE, BROTHERS

They Are Two of the
Greatest of the Get
of Boston.

LECONTE WON 11 OUT OF 15 RACES

Lexington, However, Was Not
Only a Great Race-Horse, but
Left His Mark on the Rac-
ing World in the Num-
ber of Great Colts
He Sired.

BY THOMAS NELSON CARTER.

The careers, except as sires, of Lexington and Leconte, the two rival sons of the great Boston, were wonderfully alike; indeed, the horses themselves, except in color and markings, bore a striking resemblance to each other. In color Lexington was a blood bay, with fore and hind feet and pasterns, and a small portion of his hind legs above the pastern joint white, while Leconte was a rich chestnut, with white on his hind leg, which reached a little above the pastern joint.

Both were foaled in 1850, the year following the death of Boston, their celebrated sire—Lexington at The Meadows, near Lexington, Ky., the home of Mr. E. Warfield, his breeder and owner, while Leconte was bred, owned and run by Mr. T. J. Wells, of the Red River District, Mississippi. The horses both stood fifteen hands (three inches high, although Lexington, being a slighter horse, of smaller bone, weighed 150 pounds less than Leconte). They were both remarkable for excellent tempers and great stamina and endurance. The conformation of each was beyond criticism, both being furnished with strong backs, deep chests, short legs below the knee and long from knee to body, oblique shoulders and muscles everywhere.

Lexington's right eye was diseased, and he finally went blind in it. I have, however, known of none of his colts having defective eyes.

Both Lexington and Leconte were ravenous feeders, and always fit. Leconte, it is said, could eat sixteen quarts of oats a day.

Like their common sire and another of his sons, Redeye, both ran with lowered heads and long, reaching, fox-like strides. Leconte's habitual stride in a race was twenty-three feet, while no one, to see Lexington rating along, would think he could save his distance.

Fashola and Nina, on the contrary—the former the conqueror of Boston and the latter of Redeye—ran with their heads up and a short, quick stroke, gathering with almost incredible quickness.

An ancestor of the writer, on seeing Nina and Redeye run, said: "A horse that could stride like Redeye and gather like Nina, could beat the world." The best example of the two styles of action the writer ever witnessed was in a match race, at Morris Park, N. Y., between Handspring, a tall and leggy, but well muscled, well set up and powerful son of Hanover, and Hastings, a much smaller horse, by Spendthrift, with a splendid front and deep chest, but lacking behind.

The big horse simply devoured the track with his immense strides, while Hastings, gathering like a rabbit, lapped him to the stretch and then pulled away, winning in a canter, exemplifying the well-known fact that lungs and heart, and not stride, size, conformation, nor any other thing, wins races.

The first three-quarters of that race

AMUSEMENT FOR AMERICAN SAILORS

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., February 8.—Jack Gleason, the fight promoter, who fell out with Jimmy Coffroth, Willis Britt, Eddie Graney and Morris Levy, who composed the fight trust here for years, will have the laugh on them now, for the board of supervisors has awarded him the fight permits for the months of February, May, August and November. The supervisors have also decided to let the favored fight promoters pull off two shows a month while the great fleet of battleships are in the harbor. It is estimated that 12,000 sailors will be ashore then, who will be hungry to see some good scraps.

YALE ON THE WATER

Best Outlook for Boating That College Has Ever Had.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., February 8.—From all indications the rowing season of 1908 at Yale University will be one of the most successful that the Elis have indulged in for the last five years, for counting one coxswain are ten men now in college who have won their crew "Y" and who intend to resume their seats in the shell again this spring. The freshmen also would appear to have excellent chances, for although the squad is less by ten than that which answered the call for the freshmen boat last season, ninety-five having come out for the crew. The men are all big fellows and look to be capable of great things in the line of sweep rowing. Coach Kennedy, who has had the coaching of Yale crews since 1902, will again be in charge.

Sporting Letters.

The sporting editor of The Times-Dispatch will gladly answer in these columns any question regarding sporting matters. Communications on sporting subjects will also be printed, and comments will be made. Address Sporting Editor, Times-Dispatch.

Woman Sprinter.

Sporting Editor, Times-Dispatch: Sir—Who is the fastest woman runner in the United States? F. A. B. Miss Fannie James, of Vassar College, holds the record for 100 yards. She made the distance in thirteen seconds on May 7, 1904.—Editor.

TOMMY BURNS HAS PURSE WAITING

NEW YORK, February 8.—Tommy Burns will return from his money-making tour abroad about April 1st, and then there will be some more lengthy gabfests before he is finally matched with Jack Johnson. It is reasonably certain, however, that these heavyweights will be matched, and a big fat purse will be ready for them when they finally decide to battle for the championship. Jimmy Coffroth, the California promoter, has a standing offer of \$25,000 for this pair, but Tex Rickards has entered the field again, and will offer \$30,000 for the mill at Goldfield. Rickards would like to get the attraction for Memorial Day.

Hammer Throw.
Sporting Editor, Times-Dispatch: Sir—Will you please print the name of the holder of the amateur record for throwing the sixteen-pound hammer? J. N. D. John R. DeWitt, of Princeton, distance, 166 feet 5 inches.—Editor.

Olympic Games.
Sporting Editor, Times-Dispatch: Sir—Will you kindly tell me the name of the person in authority for the Olympic games to be held in London this year? S. C. D. Lord Desborough, of Taplow.—Editor.

SHORT ARM JOLTS ABOUT THE PRIZE RING PUSH

BY JEFF THOMPSON.

NEW YORK, February 8.—Now that Attell has drawn down some easy money by stopping poor little Frankie Neil, who has been practically down and out so far as fighting ability is concerned, for many moons, he should be willing to sign up with Owen Moran again for a longer route and let us see which of these little fellows is really the better man.

I don't blame Able for cultivating the lemon crop. So long as the public will put up good money to see a first-class fighter put it over a "has-been" the party of the first part aforesaid is foolish not to "cop the dough."

as the prize-ring vernacular has it. But—a real champion has no right to give too much attention to lemons. He ought to be willing to go against the real thing just as often as the real thing turns up ready to fight. This may not be business as manager and fighter look at it, but it is the view taken by the great American public.

If my New Orleans correspondent is to be believed, this man Tony Ross, who fought Mike Schreck at the Crescent City last week, is worth watching. While the Ohio Dutchman has hardly

measured up to the first rank of fighters in his class, he has always been a pretty tough citizen and has some mighty good fights to his credit.

According to the reports I have received, Ross simply palyed with Schreck, and while the fight was a draw officially, as a matter of fact, there was only one man—Ross—in it at any stage. If this is so, the light heavies have a new man to reckon with.

I see that Moran is anxious to get on a match with battling Nelson at 128 pounds. I do not know if the Bat-

ter can make 128 pounds and be fit to fight. If he can my own opinion is that Moran had best let him alone and keep after Attell. Nelson may not be all that he was before his historic night with Gans, but he has shown that he has enough left to make him a very dangerous man of his weight for any of them.

February 25th has been set as the tentative date for the Papke-Kelly fight, which will be held before the Milwaukee Boxing Club at the Hippodrome. T. E. Jones, manager of Papke, wired Harlan Zea that the operation performed on Papke's nose was entirely

successful and that he would be ready to fight by that date.

Mike Coburn is dead. This announcement means little to the fight fans of the present day, but with the old-timers it calls up recollections when bare knuckle fights were the means by which championships were decided; when champions fought first and had the newspaper talk afterwards. Mike held the featherweight championship of the world for twelve years, from 1883 to 1896, when Patay Shep and took it from him in a desperate 27-round battle in Indiana. He was a contemporary of Billy Edwards, Joe

Fowler, Arthur Chambers and Bob Farrell. His brother, old Joe Coburn, was one of the most noted fighters of his day, which was just before the day of John L. Sullivan.

There were mighty men in those days, before the prize-ring was so thoroughly commercialized, and success with the padded mitt meant an introduction to the stage.

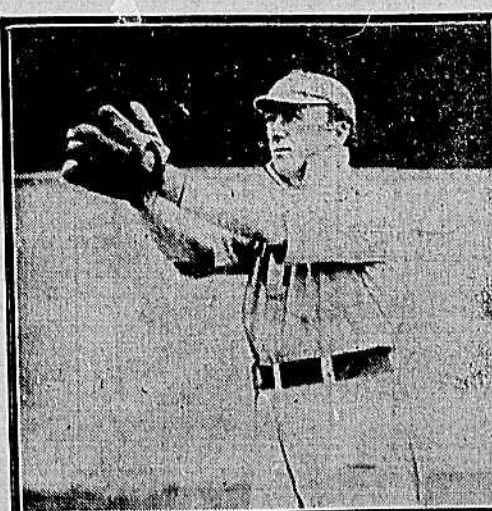
Joe Walcott must be thoroughly convinced by this time that his day is past. When Terry Martin not only licked him with ease, but knocked out his favorite gold tooth, it must have demonstrated to the one-time "Black

Demon" that his demoniac day was definitely and finally past.

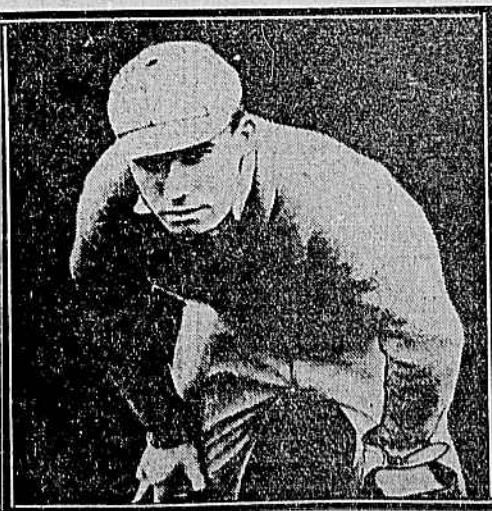
Now it is settled that Tommy Burns will fight Jack Johnson when he has cleaned up his English lemon crop. Mrs. Burns, who has just arrived in Detroit from London, says:

"He'd never fight Johnson if I had the chance to decide it, for I don't like him to fight with colored men, and he promised me when we were married he would never fight a negro. But he's sore over what's been printed about him and Johnson, and I'm positive that he will sign up for the battle just as soon as he gets in America."

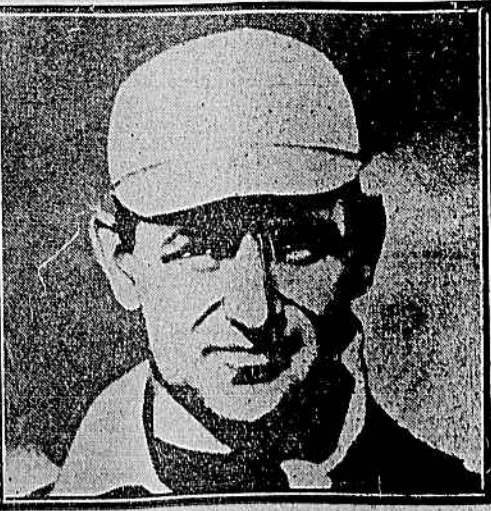
BLACKLISTED PLAYERS WHO GOT PULLIAM IN TROUBLE



OWENS, of Reading Tri-State League Club.



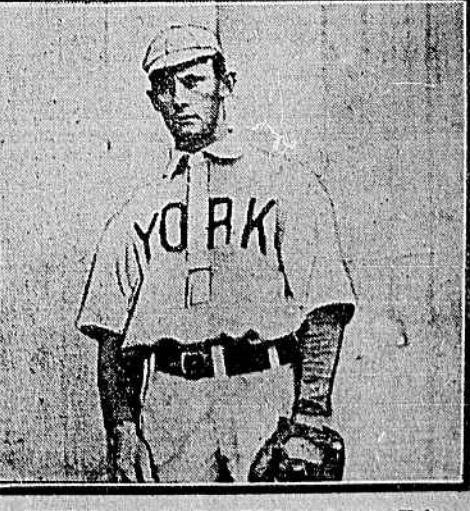
WARD, of Altoona Tri-State League Club.



HEISLUNG, of Lancaster Tri-State League Club.



CHAPPELLE, of Johnston Tri-State League Club.



WEIGAND, of Reading Tri-State League Club.